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this paper, has inserted a table, of the greatest variations in the daily rate of the transit clock at the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, from which it appears that the mean annual variation in its daily rate for six years is $=3^{\circ} 9'$. The mean annual variation of Mr. Walker's clock with a deal pendulum rod (of which an account is given in the *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. 34, p. 30) is $=5^{\circ} 41'$, consequently the transit clock at the Royal Observatory, went only $1^{\circ} 51'$ per annum nearer true time than the clock with a deal pendulum rod. Mr. Walker then observes, that this is not a matter which need astonish any one who understands the construction of the two pendulums.

"In the grid-iron pendulum there is some friction, which ought always to be avoided in any compensation applied to time-keepers: and moreover the length of the pendulum may be encreased by its own weight; indeed the great number of times that the bob of the transit clock at the royal observatory has been raised, renders this supposition more than probable.

In a pendulum with a wooden rod there is no friction; and as my pendulum was not altered during six successive years, except by the vicissitudes of dryness and moisture, the weight of the bob, or lens, had no tendency to encrease the length of the rod. And it may be further observed, that as the cleaning of the

clock made no alteration in its daily rate, it seems probable that the pendulum is the only part of it which measures the time into equal portions.

Mr. Walker then relates, as follows, the method by which he determined that the alteration in the length of his pendulum was caused by the vicissitudes of dryness and moisture, and not by those of heat and cold. After stating, that philosophical instruments were not always necessary for investigating the operations of nature:

"My clock stands in a room in which there has been no fire for many years. In this situation the mahogany clock-case acts as a hygrometer. For in the dryest season of the year, the door is so constructed as not to touch one side of the case; but when the atmosphere is very moist, the door is so much increased in breadth, that it cannot be opened without using a force that might alter the rate of the clock.

"When the door was too little for the clock-case, the clock always gained of true time, but it always lost when the door could not be opened. Hence it is evident, that a damp atmosphere, which increased the breadth of the clock-case door, increased the length of the pendulum rod; and a dry atmosphere, which contracted the breadth of the door, contracted at the same time the length of the deal pendulum rod.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

CONVERSION ON SLIGHT GROUNDS,
AND AS SLIGHT A RE-CONVERSION.

A WOMAN had been won over from Popery to Calvinism, not by any rational argument, but by a scruple thrown in her way, by her husband. "Ye call the Pope his holiness," said he, "what impiety! for is it not said in scripture, holiness to the lord?" The woman was struck with these words, and became a violent Presbyterian. Her parents, and friends bewailed her apostacy and with tears requested Dr. Geddes to try to reclaim her. He replied, "I shall certainly speak to her, but if she have con-

scientiously changed her religion, neither ye nor I have a right to condemn her."

He took an opportunity to accost her, and simply asked, why she had left the Catholic communion? She answered, "it is because ye call the Pope his holiness." "Is that all?" said the Dr. smiling, "your motive is none of the strongest: the title you have boggled at, is a mere title of distinction: not annexed to the person of the Pope, but his high function. Thus we call the king, his sacred majesty, a title far more august than that of his holiness. Be-

sides are we not called to holiness, by the word of God? Be ye holy, because I am holy!" The woman thought the reasoning was forcible, and returned to the bosom of old mother church. The Doctor in relating this anecdote, adds "How many conversions and re-conversions have been made on motives as light and insignificant."

THE TRUE GLORY OF PRINCES.

Princes are more amiable when they are engaged in saving men's lives, than amid the splendid and delusive glories of war. Francis I. emperor of Germany, grandfather to the present emperor of Austria, although not noted for his warlike qualities, furnishes us with the following amiable traits, which history records to his lasting credit.

A fire having burst forth in a magazine of saltpetre at Vienna, Francis hastened to the spot, and as he advanced to give his orders, one of his suite represented to him that he too much exposed his person; "Do not," the emperor replied, "be alarmed for me, but for those poor wretches whom it will be difficult to save." During the depth of winter a violent inundation overflowed the suburbs, and the waters rising to an extraordinary height, many could only save themselves by taking refuge on the tops of the houses. For three days they remained in that dreadful situation, without nourishment; the rapidity of the stream, and the floating masses of ice, rendering the passage so dangerous, that the most intrepid boatmen could not be persuaded by any recompence to expose themselves. In this imminent peril Francis threw himself into a boat, and exclaiming, "I trust my example will not be lost," rowed over to the opposite shore; his example had its due effect; the boatmen no longer hesitated to encounter the same danger as the emperor, and the people were saved. If the study of history is useful, it is particularly so when it records examples of courage springing from humanity, and where the foremost in rank is the first to distinguish himself in braving danger, or in acts of benevolence.

INCONSISTENCY IN CHARACTER.

Maria Theresa, the empress, queen

of Hungary, who, to gratify her ambition was engaged in so many destructive wars, and was so prodigal of the waste of human blood, was yet alive to the feelings of benevolence, when her malignant passions were not called into action. Such benevolent acts afford relief in reading history, which Dr. Johnson justly called, "Annals of blood." They appear like spots of refreshing verdure amid the general barren waste.

On the recovery of her children from the small-pox, a disorder so fatal to her own family, Maria Theresa, gave an entertainment. Sixty-five children, who had been previously inoculated at the hospital, were regaled with a dinner in the gallery of the palace at Schoenbrunn, in the midst of a numerous court, and Maria Theresa herself, assisted by her offspring, waited on this delightful groupe, and gave to each of them a piece of money. The parents of the children were treated in another apartment; the whole party was admitted to the performance of a German play; and this charming entertainment was concluded with a dance, which was protracted till midnight.

This high-minded princess, Maria Theresa, who observed the forms of religion with punctilious ceremony, and affected to be considered very pious, entered into a correspondence with Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. to serve a political purpose. Such is the inconsistency of those, who under the influence of ambition, stoop to acts of the greatest meanness. Thus we behold this haughty princess, promoting the destruction of men, and saving the lives of a few children: affecting great zeal in her devotions, and yet openly holding correspondence with the base and immoral Pompadour. Surely ambition causes its votaries to act very inconsistently.

It is however to be recorded, to the honour of Maria Theresa, that in her old age she became more inclined to peace, and exerted herself to prevent a war between her son, the emperor Joseph, and her old antagonist, Frederic. She wrote a private letter to the latter, to promote an amicable negotiation, and dispatched a messen-

ger to express her regret, "that Frederic and herself were going to tear the grey hairs from each others head."

A POWERFUL ARGUMENT.

"He proves his church true orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks."

At an ordination by the presbytery of ———, in the north of Ireland, the *reverend* body retired to dinner, after which one of them, with a zeal heated by the enjoyments of the table, started on his feet, and exclaimed, "I hear that some in this company deny the divinity of Christ, let me see the man who dare avow such a sentiment, and I will give him a complete beating." No one ventured to encounter such

formidable arguments, and the champion of orthodoxy obtained an undisputed victory.

PHYSIOGNOMY, A FALLACIOUS TEST OF CHARACTER.

General Loudon, who so often, as leader of the Austrian armies, successfully opposed Frederic II. of Prussia, generally called Frederic the Great, previously to his entering into the Austrian service, offered himself to Frederic, who contemptuously turned away, and said to his suit: "That man's physiognomy does not please me." The king had reason to repent of this refusal, and the candour to avow his regret.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

KITTY, LOVELY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WHEN Kitty, Blue-eyed maid appears!
Fair Kitty, graceful, artless, gay,
Then thrilling joys, and tor'tring fears,
My soul by turns alternate sway.

When blue-eyed Kitty leads the dance,
My fancy paints an angel form;
When Kitty deigns a tender glance,
Re-kindling joys my fancy warm.

Kitty, of Erin's charming maids,
The loveliest, and the fairest now;
When the nipt bloom of beauty fades,
Virtue shall dignify thy brow.

For Kitty, virtue's voice obeys,
Virtue that noblest, richest pearl;
Sweet innocence adorns thy days,
Fair Kitty, lovely blue-eyed girl.

Nature naught can from change restrain!
And Kitty, too, thy charms will fade!
No!—they'll a lasting tinge retain,
For Virtue, guards thee, blue-eyed maid.

THE following short descriptive sketch of Violet-Lodge, the neat residence of Mrs. H**, over-hanging the river Barrow, and within a few miles of Leighlin-bridge, was taken by a lad who had been on a visit there several days.

VIOLET-LODGE.

NOT tow'ring arches here attract the eye,
Nor marble pillars rear their heads on high,
Despotic wealth no dwelling here has found,
Nor soft profusion, lux'ry sheds around.

Far humbler scenes! here charming little spot,

With simple elegance the eye is caught;
The vi'let tinge, the jess'mine's sweetest bow'r,

The rose, the amaranth, each varied flow'r,
The encirc'ling woodbine, honeysuckle gay,

Here tranquil pleasure, calm delight convey.

Beneath thy brow, a stream with boughs o'erhung,

Its glassy surface slowly winds along:
The distant village,* now the scene adorns,

Rich landscapes constitute, sweet cot, thy charms,

Where mirth, and health, and pleasure ever reign,

And blest contentment is the lot of Jane.†
Rathellen, Oct. 11, 1809. J.N.

WRITTEN AFTER READING A LETTER ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO DIED OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN VIRGINIA, AND WAS TO HAVE BEEN MARRIED ON HIS RETURN TO EUROPE.

THIS goodly world, so beauteous and so fair,

The work of wisdom, feels no trivial share,
Of trial, sorrow, misery and pain,
That scarce the wounded bosom can explain;

But *suffering virtue*, whereso'er thou art,
Do not despair, though with a bleeding heart;

* Bagnels-Town.

† Its fair inhabitant.